Clatsop County Historical Society Quarterly

CUMTUX

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Photo courtesy of Laura Torres

Steps lead to the grassy lot where the house of Bradley Underwood and his parents lived during World War II. The house, now gone, was on 11th between Harrison and Irving. The top of the neighbor's garage was Bradley's "bunker."

In This Issue . . .

At night, eight-year old Bradley was afraid of the ghosts and monsters that hid in his closet. By day his fears were more substantial. After the bombing at Pearl Harbor in 1941 and the attack by a submarine near Fort Stevens in 1942, the fear at Astoria was palpable, Bradley later recalled. With toy airplanes he constructed out of balsawood, he imagined battles between U.S. and enemy airplanes, with the enemy plane always crashing and burning. Meanwhile, Bradley's father, Walter Underwood, who had been hired to promote Astoria for the Chamber of Commerce suddenly found himself immersed in the effort to win the war. Bradley sent the story of the three years his family lived in Astoria to CCHS along with photos and documents printed in this issue.

Included in this issue is a story about a Navy machine gunner on the Columbia River and a story about the Angora Club's Nudist Camp.

—The Editor

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CUMTUX

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Front Cover:
Bradley Underwood and the fifty-eight pound salmon he caught in 1943.
Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood.

CUMTUX: Chinook jargon:
"To know…to inform"

Remembering Astoria

By Bradley Underwood

Note: A few years ago, Bradley Underwood sent materials describing the three years his family lived in Astoria during World War II. Bradley's father, Walter West Underwood, is the central figure in these papers. Walter was intelligent, sociable, with organizational skills useful in a community preparing for an expected military invasion. His story helps to show the role the Chamber of Commerce played in the preparations. The papers sent also cover other pursuits of father and son.

Remembering My Childhood in Astoria (Eight to Eleven Years Old)

I remember a neglected, quiet, half-deserted town, on a steep peninsula, with a minor river and marshlands to the south and the mighty Columbia, vast as a gulf to the north. Everywhere, even in the residential district, were overgrown islands of forest on empty lots, and many empty, graying and mossy Victorian houses. The skies were often leaden with misty rain, but there were memorable clean, clear days and fantastic sunsets. It was this melancholy setting that formed the fantasy or dreams that filled and shaped my life.

We moved to Astoria from Sacramento in 1941. We lived there until my father received a Navy Commission in 1943, and then we moved back to our family "home" in San Diego. The only date I recall vividly is December 7, 1941, where at a cub scout meeting, I remember hearing over the radio that Pearl Harbor 'has just been bombed by the Japanese.' And so, it was that this war in the distant part of the Pacific places became mixed with my memories of Astoria.

I remember the enormous wooden barges they built, three to four at a time in the shipyard; an army base with old B-10 bombers, probably for training or coastal patrol; rumors of Japanese attacks on coastal towns; my being towed dangerously close to a minefield in the Columbia River by a sturgeon so giant that it was as steady and unrelenting as a submarine. I tore the hook loose, being reassured by the flesh on it that it was not, after all, a Japanese submarine. I remember our little boat and a dangerous, scary passage across the river through a high chop that threatened to swamp us. I played-at-war, the rainy-day work of manufacturing model airplanes—P-40 Warhawks (Flying Tigers) and

Japanese Zeroes. We were victors in every encounter. And in school, drawing aerial dogfights and sea battles. And I remember the war movies that started and fed our fantasies. I remember most vividly the hours and days of fishing on streams, lakes, and the Columbia. (We left Astoria with fifty-eight cases of salmon.) And I remember that incredible day on September 4, 1943, when I caught a fifty-eight and one-half pound salmon, was interviewed by the newspapers and became an instant celebrity. I remember people saying, 'You're the kid that caught that big fish!'

At a park above the town, I remember climbing a tree, contented with the view and my thoughts. I remember a pirate troop I formed with other boys, our log fort in a patch of thick forest. I remember the Chamber of Commerce office with a big empty lot behind, and going there to visit Dad, …a spittoon in the conference room. I remember parts of downtown. A city quite neglected, down-at-the-heels (mossy on the north side), always quiet with few cars. Walking everywhere, occupied with fantasies the whole time.

I remember a big house over the hill to SE where I had playmates, and we made popcorn in a wire basket in the fireplace. The house was very old and primitive. And I remember the funeral of a school mate.

Outside, I had a tree house in a holly tree with a view of the river. Many happy hours there…a favorite place…

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

Bathtime for Bradley's dog.

A sand pile in the front yard where when I was mad, I made a Teocalli and sacrificed victims (the influence of a book on Cortez). [A Teocalli is a Meso-American pyramid surmounted by a temple.] I used to play war on a concrete bunker (garage) next door and all over the street and neighbors' yards. I remember a silver thaw with everything, including holly berries coated with ice. My parents sent me to the store, and I slipped and broke a bottle, could not keep my footing. I loaded a whole cord of wood for an old lady on the corner. I remember a home on the hill above that was empty, an attraction and terror at the same time (for ghosts). With other boys, we tried to push in the windows when brave

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

left to right: Brad Underwood, Carl Zatterlow, and Teddy Zatterlow. Ten, nine, and five-years-old respectively. Photo taken in 1943

enough. When fear overcame us, we would break and run.

I had a crush involving hours and hours of nothing but fantasy on a pretty blond girl from school. It was agony to pass her on the street and to contain myself.

Our friends, the Zatterlows [SE corner of 7th & Kensington], invited me over to dinner one night. They had liver. My politeness training overcame my horror, and I ate it and liked it! The Zatterlows and I and others set up a "circus" on a wooded lot above their house, utilizing marine signal flags Dad had acquired. It was a big event involving neighborhood kids.

It was at the Zatterlows at a Cub Scout meeting we heard the news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor. After that, we cub scouts collected rubber, aluminum, etc. with great enthusiasm,

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

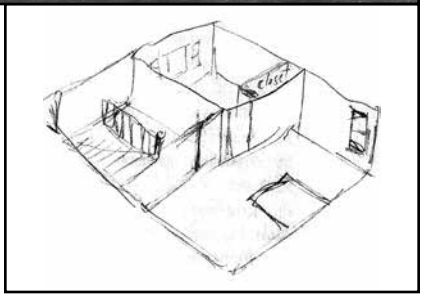
The Zatterlow family at Christmas.
left to right: Oke, Carl, Helene, and Teddy.

a cause in life. I used to fantasize about flying the P-40s that would be built.

And I remember the outside of the three-story school, just up the hill from our home, but remember nothing of the inside. I remember the absolute stupidity of being asked [a question at school]. I was the third in a row, and the two [in front] had each said the same thing. In a panic, all I could do was murmur the same thing they had, and I thank God I was not the first to be asked.

What do I remember about our house? Our house was Victorian, with high ceilings. It was barn-like with its emptiness, with little furniture, and the empty attic filled with creaking "ghosts." An empty upstairs all to myself with an over roof distant view of the Columbia River where spring days I sat at a little table carving balsa wood Zeros, making a model P-40 Warhawk flying Tiger. My bed was in the middle of the room. I could see out the window toward the south, the school I attended. The bedroom floor was bare wood. I used to be in absolute terror at night under the blankets waiting for the monsters to get me. Every noise, creaking wood, etc. was a monster. I knew I had to be brave and not complain, but nighttime was fearful. There was another room where I made drawings. I was always good at imaginary worlds. And I had piles of what would now be priceless, comic books.

Image courtesy of John Goodenberger



The Underwood's home on 11th Street, which is no longer there. To the right is Bradley's sketch of the upstairs.

Walter Underwood and His Passion for Fly Fishing

When Walter Underwood was hired by the Astoria Chamber of Commerce in 1941 as their Managing Secretary, he had been well-trained, having worked for Chambers in Texas, California, and Portland, Oregon. It was here in Astoria that he could indulge in a hobby that was close to an obsession, fishing, giving it the same methodical attention he gave to his work. Among the items Bradley sent to CCHS was a notebook filled with data his father recorded on his fishing trips: the date, location, people accompanying him, weather, type of lure used, and a description of the fish he caught. He fished in the sunshine and rain, at Smiley's Hole on Youngs River, on the Lewis & Clark River, on Blind Slough, around Sand Island, at Grizzly Slough and Stink Factory (wherever they were). Many times, he caught nothing, but that did not stop him. Bradley generally accompanied him and sometimes his wife and others. An excerpt follows. (See also the letter among the following documents for a sense of what the experience was like.)

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

Bradley and his dog on the stairs to their home. *below*: The two of them enjoying the snow in front of the Herman Wise house on Harrison Avenue near the corner of 11th Street.

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

March 11, 1943, Smiley's Hole: Light rain following long spell of clear weather. Water clear and low. Tried plunking. Heard there were some trout. Saw one steelhead very red. No luck.

June 13, 1943 Grizzly Slough: Weather clear & hot. Tide. Ebb slack & incoming. Bradley tried for crappies from float but no luck. Lots of bass along banks. Elsie caught one big one on Pikie.

June 17, 1943 Blind Slough: Weather clear. Tide: ebb. Fished for crappies from the floats. John took us around in his boat. Caught about twenty. Painted bottom of the boat.

June 26, 1943 Blind Slough: Weather: Clear. Tide slack water high. Fished off John's float on other side of slough. No crappies but caught five very nice perch. Rowed up to Grizzly and tride [sic] Crazy Crawler and Jitterbug plugs for bass. Tide was high but Elsie had extremely large bass on for a few minutes. Also caught one smaller one on Crazy Crawler. Outboard motor seems to be shot.

July 1, 1943 Grizzly Slough: Weather: Slightly overcast. Tide: Just beginning to ebb. Bradley fished for crappies off float without any success. Caught one. Elsie caught about a four-pound bass on Crazy Crawler. Had roe so had not spawned yet. My guess is that they spawn here in late July and August despite game commission ruling on May–June closed season. I stepped on a nail and had to quit early. Motor is really shot so will have to row from now on. Sold motor to Hank Klopfer for $15 and sold the boat to Eldon Thomas for $50. Guess I will have to find a bigger boat if I am going to do much fishing around here.

August 12, 1943 Big Creek, Blind Slough: Tide high, weather clear. Went with Eldon Thomas trolling in Big Creek for salmon trout. He caught two and lost one on the Doc Shelton and worm. Came back to Grizzly Slough and I caught a small Bass on Crazy Crawler.

August 28, 1943 Columbia River: Weather clear. No wind. Flood tide. Bradley and I fished from church to Pt. Ellice. He had one nice one up to boat, but leader kinked, and he lost it.

August 30, 1943: Took McNall and Beagle over and tried our luck on flood tide. Used Rosegard plugs with no luck. McNall had one up to boat on Lucky Louie (yellow) but lost leader and all trying to gaff it. Apparently line parted. I put on small Heddon spotted Zig-Wag and caught two. Then gave my line to McNall and put on blue Rosegard and caught two in short order. All bright fish. Total 4.

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

Walter assisting Bradley with his bait.

August 31, 1943: Took Elsie and Bradley. Bradley caught a small one on spotted Zig Wag. I caught one and Elsie caught one. All on spotted Zig Wag. Elsie's fish ran about 45 lbs. She and Bradley did a nice job playing them. Total 7. Weather clear.

Sept 1, 1943 Columbia: Took Earl Ebersole, Elsie and Bradley. Weather dark and much wind and rain. Elsie lost one in screw, lost big spotted Heddon plug with it. Earl had a big one up to boat on gray small Heddon plug. Lost it when his reel came off rod. I had one up to boat on gray and green small Martin plug and small hooks worked loose. Elsie also lost one on Martin plug. Earl landed small Silver on gray Haddon plug. Had much difficulty due to heavy sea. Very rough off Pier Three on way home. Total 8.

Sept 2, 1943 Columbia: Went early in morning. I had one up to boat on small spotted Zig Wag in morning but lost it. Used practically all our plugs and had some strikes but none were hooked solid. Fished all way down from Church back to ferry landing. Saw Charlie Reynolds and he suggested we use big Martin #6 yellow plug and yellow King Zig Wag. Put Martin on Bradley's line and he immediately hooked about a thirty pounder and landed it nicely. I then caught two right away on yellow Zig Wag. Bradley then hooked one he thought was a snag. It made a tremendous run taking out over a hundred yards of line. He got it up to boat and we could see it was a monster. I thought

I was going to have to take over, but he stayed with it and finally got it up to the boat belly up after several long runs. I gaffed it and got it into the fish locker. It had to curl up almost to get in. I estimate it to weigh 58 lbs. at the moment it was hauled out. We caught one more each on Martin plug and yellow Zig Wag. Bradley's fish weighed over fifty pounds when it reached the dock as it pulled some fifty-pound scales all the way to the bottom. We had some pictures made & took it to the cannery. They said it weighed fifty-eight pounds and forty-nine pounds after it was dressed. It was without a doubt the biggest fish caught during run and probably largest ever caught by a child of 10 unassisted. Total 14. Weather clear.

Sept 3, 1943 Columbia: Took McNall in afternoon on high tide and fished around the ferry landing. Used white Zig Wag, yellow Zig Wag and yellow Martin. Elsie and I each got fish on white and yellow zig wags almost immediately and landed both of them. I brought mine in fast and she played hers out. Bradley then caught two on yellow Martin playing them nicely. I foul hooked a big one inside of head and had a wild time getting him up to boat and then in keeping him out of screw. Finally landed him and found he was about a thirty-five pounder. I caught one other on yellow Zig Wag and Elsie caught one on white Zig Wag. Weather clear. Total 21.

Sept. 4, 1943: Took McNall and Dave Morgan. Got skunked even after using all plugs. Not even a strike. Not many were caught. Weather clear.

Sept 5, 1943: Took Earl Ebersole with us. He used white plug and caught one nice bright fish right away. Elsie caught one on white Zig Wag and Brad caught one which weighed about forty pounds on yellow Lucky Louie. Earl caught a smaller one on his Grey plug. Total 25. Weather clear

Sept 6, 1943 Columbia: Elsie, Bradley and I went early, and I caught one in the morning way up by church on yellow Zig Wag. Then fished until afternoon before any more luck. Bradley then put on white Lucky Louie and caught two very nice ones. Elsie then put on white Zig Wag and caught a very bright fish about forty pounds. Came in early. Weather very clear and hot. Total 29.

Sept. 8, 1943: Took Don Mitchell and two guests out. They each caught one fish on White plugs. Weather clear. Total 32

End of excerpt. (There are many more pages.)

HEADQUARTERS HARBOR DEFENSES OF THE COLUMBIA
OFFICE OF THE COMMANDING OFFICER
FORT STEVENS, OREGON

CSD/gw

November 16, 1942

Mr. Walter W. Underwood,
Chamber of Commerce,
Astoria, Oregon.

My dear Mr. Underwood:

I want to apologize for not writing you prior to this, to tell you how very greatly I appreciate your efforts in taking General Muir and myself on that fishing expedition. I would have written you sooner but I have been more or less laid up as a result of tooth trouble, and am just now getting on my feet.

I have seen and known some enthusiastic fishermen in my day but I believe that you are the most thorough and scientific, as well as enthusiastic, fisherman that I have ever known. It was a revelation to me to spend a day in your company.

In spite of the little exploit involving the sand-bar, I know that General Muir thoroughly enjoyed the day. His opportunities for getting away from the requirements of his very difficult job are few and far between, and I am not so sure but what the enforced relaxation out there on the sand-bar, with the opportunity of talking over the scientific aspects of fishing was not a good thing for him in the final analysis.

Again with many thanks and kindest personal regards, I am

Sincerely yours,

C. S. DONEY,
Colonel, C.A.C.,
Commanding.

The 58 Pound Salmon

The following is Bradley Underwood's account of how he caught a fifty-eight-pound Chinook Salmon in 1943 when he was ten years old. He submitted this letter to Field and Stream *magazine for entry into their fishing contest.*

"We figured that on September second the salmon should be biting. We started out at six o'clock in the morning and went as close as we could to the headland. But that was a bad guess because we only caught one small fish. By that time, we were getting discouraged and hot too as it was a very hot day. We moved upriver as far as point Ellice. We got more discouraged there because it seemed everybody was catching fish but us.

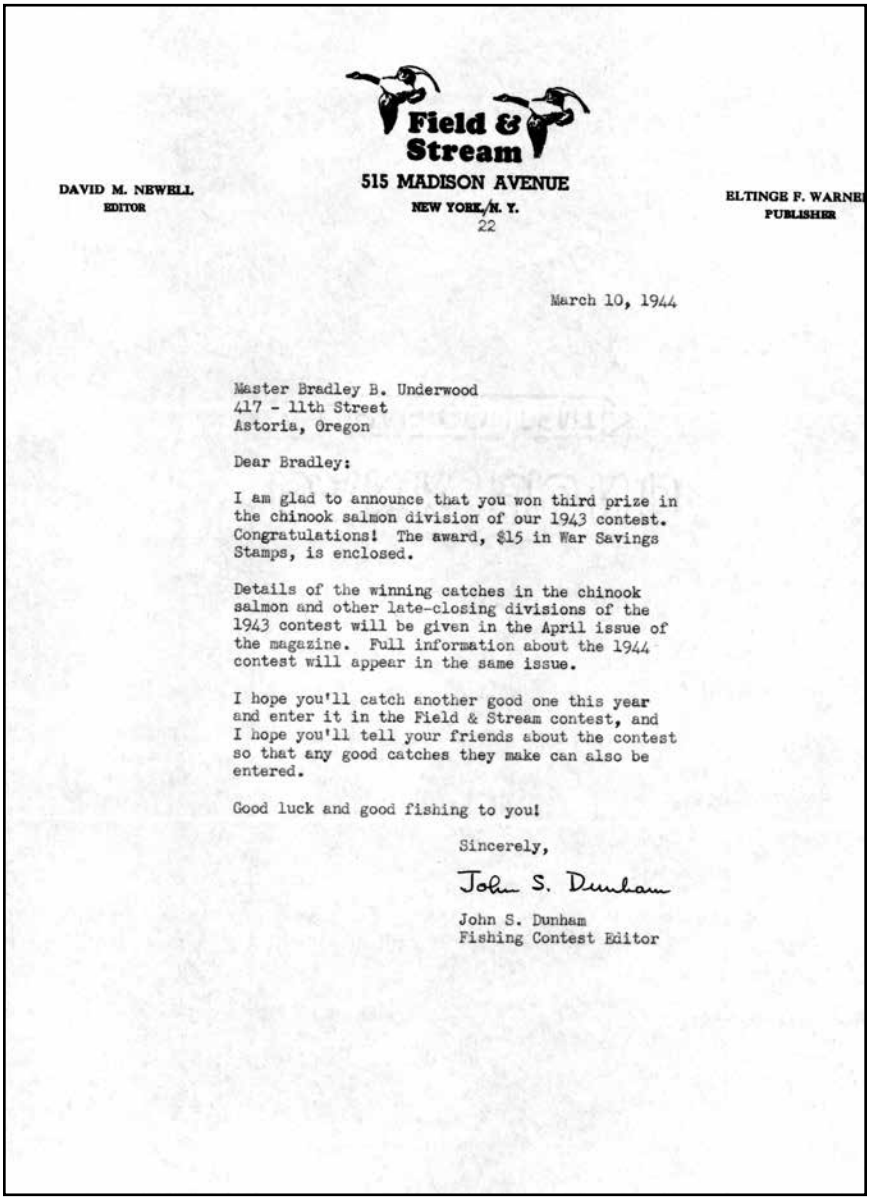
"We were just about to give up and go home when Charlie Reynolds came alongside. Mr. Reynolds is daddy's fishing partner. He said they had been having good luck with a yellow plug and he gave daddy a Yellow Martin 6-inch plug. Daddy put the plug on my line and right away I caught a nice chinook which was the biggest fish I had caught so far.

"I had just got my line in the water again when something almost jerked it out of my hands. I yelled "fish on" and daddy stopped the boat and then I thought I had hooked onto a log or something, but it started to move off upstream fast. By the time I had my drag tight it had taken out nearly all my line. Daddy was yelling at the other boats to stay away. My line was slack, and I thought he had gone but he was just coming toward the boat. I had to reel like mad. He went past the boat way down deep and took out most of my line again. He broke water this time and we could see he was really big and bright. He did a lot of fighting in close then. Finally, he sounded, and I had to drag him up from the bottom. He came alongside belly up and daddy gaffed him. Our eyes nearly popped out when we saw [how] big he really was.

"Mother and daddy caught three more fish, but I was too tired for any more fishing that day.

Yours truly,
Bradley

Note: Bradley Underwood was awarded third place in the chinook salmon division of Field and Stream's *1943 fishing contest. His story and photo appeared in Field and Stream magazine and other publications.*



Field & Stream

515 MADISON AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.
22

DAVID M. NEWELL
EDITOR

ELTINGE F. WARNE
PUBLISHER

March 10, 1944

Master Bradley B. Underwood
417 - 11th Street
Astoria, Oregon

Dear Bradley:

I am glad to announce that you won third prize in the chinook salmon division of our 1943 contest. Congratulations! The award, $15 in War Savings Stamps, is enclosed.

Details of the winning catches in the chinook salmon and other late-closing divisions of the 1943 contest will be given in the April issue of the magazine. Full information about the 1944 contest will appear in the same issue.

I hope you'll catch another good one this year and enter it in the Field & Stream contest, and I hope you'll tell your friends about the contest so that any good catches they make can also be entered.

Good luck and good fishing to you!

Sincerely,

John S. Dunham

John S. Dunham
Fishing Contest Editor

Courtesy of Bradley Underwood

Fort Stevens Attacked

According to Bradley Underwood "The fear of invasion after Pearl Harbor was palpable. A Japanese submarine shelled an American base at Ft. Stevens in June 1942. There were no defenses, and the nearest military base had only a few B-19 bombers, pitifully obsolete even to an eight-year-old. We believed the Japanese could have walked over us. My father was the spokesman for the Chamber of Commerce and business interests, which, though it always supported the importation of cheap, non-union labor, was also thoroughly racist and xenophobic. Thus, my father was vocal from the beginning in favor of the internment of the Japanese, and there are articles verifying this. I remember a speech I heard my father make at Coos Bay, mockingly derogatory of the Japanese, which was greeted with loud clapping, laughs, and cheers. It was not clear, and would not have made any difference if there was no distinction between the Japanese and Americans of Japanese origin. Dad's success was always that he absorbed and anticipated the beliefs of his employers and expressed them so well; he was a bellwether of business beliefs. It should not be ignored either that the internment of the Japanese-Americans removed competitors from both business and labor and gave the government and the rich to share in the disposal of Japanese American assets/property."

Various newspaper items about war preparation were sent by Bradley Underwood, supplemented by ones in CCHS Scrapbook No. 8. According to the following February 26, 1942 San Francisco Chronicle *story, Walter Underwood had sent a telegram to a federal committee on the subject of the Japanese.*

MORGENTHAU: "CITIZENS OF AXIS DESCENT WILL BE EVACUATED FROM COAST"

by Floyd Healey, Chronicle Staff Writer

"PORTLAND, Ore., Feb. 26—American citizens of Axis descent as well as aliens 'undoubtedly' will be evacuated from Pacific Coast danger zones, Secretary Morgenthau advised the Tolan investigating committee tonight." Further on the article says: "One of the most urgent pleas for immediate removal of Japanese came from Walter Underwood of Astoria, speaking for cannery interests; the Chamber of Commerce, city manager, the Labor Council, harbor master and the American Legion.

"Our city has been burned twice," Underwood declared, "and it would be very easy to burn it again."

"Moreover, Japanese, now unemployed because Chinese and Filipino laborers no longer will work with them,

are growing increasingly sullen, but still live in bunkhouses on the water front, 'within' 1700 feet of every ship entering or leaving the Columbia river.

"We have seen signaling there," Underwood told the committee." We found 20 sticks of dynamite. Just the other day one of the 27 Japs there has been arrested with a gun in his possession. It would only take one man with incendiaries to start a disaster."

Walter's son Bradley added a note: "Dad doesn't shine on this one."

May 30, 1942, Newspaper Story in Scrapbook 8, page 69.

ASTORIA THOUGHT BOMBING TARGET

"Floyd Lansdon Oregon chief of the Associated Press and Bob Ghandler, AP photographer, were here Friday taking pictures in Astoria for the AP's New York picture file on possible west coast enemy air raid targets. The two were assigned by the New York office to photograph downtown Astoria and certain industrial installations, for use to illustrate features of the city should it be subjected to aerial bombing. Lansdon said the pictures would be submitted to 13th naval district for approval before any release is made.

Lansdon said the AP central office considers Astoria as among the likely locations for enemy assaults against the Pacific coast."

CCHS IMAGE #2365.751

Col. C. S. Doney and others inspect the crater created by a shell fired from a Japanese submarine. (see letter on page 11)

Committees

Throughout the war years, Walter Underwood worked on committees to help in the war effort. Sometime before April 6, 1942, he was appointed by Oregon Governor Earl Snell to a five-man committee to try to adjust OPA [the federal Office of Price Administration] milk prices for Oregon. Merle R. Chessman, the editor of the *Evening Astorian-Budget*, was also appointed but later replaced by Robert Lucas, also of the newspaper. They were to represent the consumers, distributors, and producers of milk in the lower Columbia area. Milk had been too costly for some families to buy during and just after the Depression years. Milk was necessary for the health of children.

After June 5, 1942, Walter was appointed to a Price Panel for the War Ration Board along with local people: Ford Knutsen, Charles Reynolds, James H. Kelly, Rev. J. W. Kempe, Fred Ransom, Tom Richards, Bill Sutor, Mrs. August Hildebrand, Glen Williams, and E. G. Feary. Other panels were: Fuel and Stoves, Food, Gasoline, and Apparel and Tire.

The need for housing for workers building ships for the war effort was a new priority. "War production is being held down in Astoria by lack of housing for war workers," Underwood declared, "and the only solution is the full use of existing housing." The plan was for the U.S. government to lease houses and remodel them into apartments. Workers would pay the government, and, at the end of the war, owners would have income from the apartments. In some cases, owners would be allowed to live in one of the apartments. The houses leased would need to be within walking distance of the workplaces. Owners could apply beginning March 30, 1942, at the Chamber of Commerce, Underwood said. When the first effort failed to yield enough apartments, Underwood pressed harder. Under the title "Defense Houses" a team of Precinct heads was sent into each community to persuade neighbors to sign up their houses: No. 1 Mrs. H. M. McCallister, No. 2 Mrs. Jalmar Wilson, No. 3 Mrs. W. R. Thompson, No. 4 Mrs. E. G. Feary, No. 5 Mrs. W. E. Reed, No. 6 Mark Siddall Jr., No. 7 Fern Curry, No. 8 (none listed), No. 9 Carl Nyland, No. 10 Mrs. Hugo Seeborg, No. 11 Mrs. Leola Hemingway, No. 12 Mrs. Nick Kussman, No. 13 Mrs. Leo Furney, No. 14 Mrs. E. C. Anderson No. 15 Mrs. Andrew Simonsen, No. 16 Mrs. H. V. Wygand, No. 17 Lloyd Ekstrom.

The October 15, 1942, *Astorian Budget* front page printed a photo of Walter Underwood, Chamber secretary, with A. J. Roberts, secretary, and Colin Clair, of Santa Barbara, treasurer of the new Astoria–Warrenton Shipyard, for the start of the construction of "a yard near Warrenton for tug construction for the U.S. Maritime Commission… The Astoria Chamber

assisted throughout early negotiations in bringing the yard to the lower Columbia." An editorial praised the aggressive and spirited effort made by Walter Underwood in the successful carving out of a $3,000,000 industry in the old McEachern shipyard.

ASTORIA-WARRENTON SHIPYARD BEGINS WORK ON TUGS SOON

Details for start of construction on three ocean-going tugs for the U.S. maritime commission by the Astoria Warrenton Shipyard company were nearing completion this week, with work expected to start soon. It was learned today. The new yard will be located near Warrenton. The company expects to employ between 150 and 200 men and its incorporators, technical heads and key men some from Santa Barbara, Cal. They have conducted extensive negotiations here, through the Astoria Chamber of Commerce, to complete maritime commission requirements; and they have enlisted services of Mario Palmeiri, nationally known marine architect and engineer, who will supervise the yard and take an important part in the construction of the tugs on the coast.

President of the company is O.R. McNall, for 20 years a building materials dealer in Santa Barbara." [Note that he was one of Walter's fishing companions.] Vice president is Arthur Clair, a retired building contractor of Santa Barbara. A.J. Roberts, secretary.

BELLS RING HERE FOR VICTORY DAY

May 13, 1943—Astoria will join Portland and the state of Oregon Wednesday in celebration of "Africa Victory Day" to commemorate the allied blasting of the Germans and Italians out of North Africa, it was announced today.

Walter Underwood is chairman of the events, which will start with the blowing of whistles and the ringing of bells at high noon. An official proclamation matching that of Governor Earl Snell will be announced Tuesday by Mayor Orval Eaton.

The American Legion will put out all flags Wednesday morning. All factory, cannery and industrial plant operators will be asked to blow whistles at noon, and churches will be asked to ring their bells.

The Fort Stevens band will play a concert at a downtown spot between 1 and 2 p.m.

In the evening the program will be carried to the USO house." From 9 to 9:20 p.m. there would be speakers and William F. McGregor Jr., would have bond and stamp salesmen available for bond buying. Then a dance was scheduled from 9:30 to midnight to the music of the Tongue Point orchestra.

Leaving Astoria

Bradley continued telling his family's story:

"Following his [Walter's] re-classification to 1A in 1943 following the battles for Guadalcanal, Tulagi, etc., though he was thirty-three with two dependents, he failed to obtain a deferment, so sought the best deal he could get based on an associate degree at the Brownsville, Texas School of Business; prior service in the Navy, and extensive participation and experience in public affairs. He applied initially to the Coast Guard—he was a reservist in the local auxiliary, and then to the army transport service in Seattle. The letters of recommendation he received are a "Who's Who" of the time and attest to his networking skill, which gained him long term friends, wherever he went. He was an accomplished storyteller and public speaker and had a phenomenal ability to remember names. He next applied for a commission in the Navy, which was granted. As he was ordered to report for a physical in Los Angeles, we left Astoria on July 24, 1944, for Portland, and San Diego, where my mother and I would remain through V. J. Day in August 1945. We then went to Brownsville, Texas, to stay with my paternal grandparents and my father's extensive family. I became ill with amoebic dysentery there, surviving an arsenic-cure, which was the only thing effective in those days.

We did not return to Astoria

"My father had accepted the Astoria job with the understanding that his predecessor, Bill Calen, had been given a military leave of absence. When my father was released from active service in the spring of 1946, he inquired about the Astoria job, but was told it had been filled."

Recommendations

Walter did receive glowing reports from several people. Clatsop County Judge Guy Boyington wrote: "It is my good fortune to have known Walter West Underwood Jr. for over three years, and it is with sincerity that I recommend him to your office. His acceptance by the Navy will, however, be a loss to this community. He has all the characteristics necessary for leadership; administrative ability, sound judgment, the ability to improvise in an emergency, and the aggressiveness necessary to get things done. He has a rare ability to organize and supervise large numbers of people in civic affairs."

Harold S. Turlay of Uptegrove Lumber Company wrote: "It is a pleasure to be called upon to recommend a man who has this applicants qualifications. He has served as manager of the Astoria Chamber of Commerce and the Clatsop County Industrial Committee during the past three years and has demonstrated that he is exceptionally well qualified to organize and

direct civic groups. His administrative ability, his resourcefulness, and aggressiveness are extremely gratifying. Several industries have established operations in this community due, mainly, to Walter Underwood's cooperation and assistance in their preliminary and final investigations of conditions that govern the location of industrial operations."

A. H. Wright, Captain of the Port of Astoria, wrote: "Walter W. Underwood has been a member of the U.S. Coast Guard Auxiliary and Class T Reserve since the organization of the auxiliary two years ago. He has been secretary of the organization and has been active in its administration and has served actively on port security patrols. He has operated a Coast Guard picket boat and a Coast Guard Reserve 50-foot craft in night patrols on the Astoria waterfront."

Walter wrote his father in San Diego about his efforts to find a job situation that would allow him to return to San Diego sooner rather than later. He says, "An old fellow by the name of Garrett here [in Astoria] has applied for the job of City Manager there and may have mentioned my name. I like the old fellow but couldn't recommend him as I don't know anything beyond the fact nobody likes him here (Which might be a recommendation after all), and he used to be the City Manager. I think he stepped on the wrong toes, which is easy to do." George Garrett had been the Astoria City Manager for many years and still was in 1940. In 1931, he was in the middle of a dispute between A. W. Norblad, a lawyer for Columbia Transportation, and Fritz Elfving and his lawyer, James L. Hope, after Norblad told the CT Company to go ahead and drive piling that would keep Elfving's ferry from leaving the dock. Garrett told Elfving to knock the pilings down. With the ferry boat full of tourists, Elfving sent the boat into the pilings, freeing it. After three days of violence and two weeks arguing, they were forced to compromise. But the bitterness remained.

Avid Fisherman Rescues Okinawan Fishing Industry

"Walter's service in Naval (Military Government) service would be a mine of information for a variety of historical purposes, both in terms of his service records and training. My father went for retraining in Tucson, a military government school in Princeton, and the Language School in Monterey, before being assigned to the Amphibious Training Base in Morrow Bay, California, until after VJ Day. He was then shuttled around the Pacific until a request for a fisheries officer came to his temporary command. So, he became the Officer in Charge of the rehabilitation of the Okinawan Fisheries. Since censorship ended with the war, my father's almost daily letters home are of great value both to the Navy, as a model of excellence in Military government, and to a variety

of historical purposes. It is typical of his overall, clear, concise analyses of a situation and with a practical course of action. It resulted in his being given a free hand to carry it out. It is also a remarkable step up from avid fisherman to the complete implementation/rehabilitation of a shattered fishing industry, which required great ability as well as dedication and responsibility. It is a shame he could not expand upon his successes. However, he became a public affairs advisor on Japanese and American economic relationships and led business trade association tours of Japan. Utilizing his facility in the Japanese language to excellent effect both on Okinawa and Japan, he was the only Anglo-American on Okinawa that did not need an interpreter! That his efforts on behalf of the Okinawans was appreciated is attested by the fact Okinawans flocked to be allowed to work for him and at a time when there was not yet a money economy. Moreover, he was given a memorable going away party; was given a gorgeous silk scroll I still have, and Okinawa's top artist gave him three paintings.

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

Walter Underwood in his Navy uniform.

"The service is not always given credit for the placement of its officers, but I think the Navy did well for itself and the Okinawans by sending my father to the prestigious military government school at Princeton. Though he competed with college graduates and post-graduates, not all of whom graduated, and although he was ten years older than most, he acquired a B+ average. (I would graduate from Occidental College with a 3.67 average and acquire the highest graduate aptitude test score at SDSU they had seen to that date. My sister, born after we left Astoria, would likewise excel at GWU in Washington, D.C.)

"My father was a Type-A personality who micromanaged all our interests and hobbies and personal relationships. His forceful personality brooked no opposition. His enthusiasms, likes, and dislikes carried my sister and me along like a tidal wave to the point we were slow to develop a sense of self. For example, I was initially as avid a hunter and fisherman like my father, but I always felt empathy for animals

that was lacking in my father. Perhaps it was no more than a sense of empathy for a dog on a leash, or in a cage, or a fish at the end of a line, but I would in time break completely with killing as sport. I have felt nothing but remorse for the lives I have taken, becoming an advocate for both domestic and wild animals.

"To keep the balanced perspective of a historian, I nevertheless have kept many old parts of his personality, including both drive and enthusiasm for what you are doing, his love of books, and writing. He was a natural writer, and the two of us collaborated on a children's book."

Image courtesy of Bradley Underwood

Walter Underwood, ca.1943

Like his father, Bradley has many talents. He completed his graduate studies in Art History in Florence, Art Conservation in Ravenna, and Archaeology in Rome. He pursued parallel careers as an artist, art instructor, and a conservator in San Diego. Beginning in 1983, he served as a consultant to the National Parks of Italy, supervised archaeological excavations, restored historic structures, and preserved folk arts and crafts. He was also Director of Archaeological Research in the Parco Nazionale d'Abruzzo. His artwork has shown in the U.S. and abroad, especially Italy, and has received local, state, and national recognition.

Walter West Underwood died in California on June 14, 1991, at the age of eighty and is buried at Fort Rosecrans National Cemetery in San Diego.

Bradley Underwood resides in California.

Japanese Residents in the County

by the Editor

The number of Japanese in Clatsop County has never been more than a small fraction of that of their old-world neighbors, the Chinese. Trading connections with the Chinese had been established early and proved profitable for many Western ship-owners while the Japanese resisted such overtures. Not only tea and silk brought wealth to the shippers, but also cargoes of Chinese laborers. As a result, the Chinese population grew rapidly on the west coast of America. (Ranald McDonald, an Astorian who was fascinated with all things Japanese, stranded himself on the shores of Japan in 1848, eventually helping to open their doors to trade.)

In 1901, some fifty Japanese were brought to Clatsop County to work for the Columbia River Packers Association under Chinese bosses, who gave them the most unskilled work in the cannery.

More Japanese were brought in to Clatsop County that same year to work on road building projects and on the railroad. Unions, representing white workers, sought to have them fired, fearing, as did the Chinese, that the Japanese would replace them in the labor market. Most left. Some remained, however, setting up restaurants and curio shops in town and vegetable gardens in the country.

On December 8, 1941, the day after the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, the U.S. declared war on Japan. That night, Astoria had its first "black out." The West Coast suddenly seemed a likely target for Japanese bombs. Immediately, the FBI rounded up 736 Japanese nationals in the U.S. and Hawaii who were now considered dangerous. A statement was issued, at the time, by Attorney General Francis Biddle, that he believed that many persons of Japanese extraction were loyal and should not be subject to seizure.

It was estimated then that there were 60,000 Japanese on the West Coast, of whom half were "nisei," American-born or naturalized citizens. In Clatsop County, there were only thirty-seven Japanese aliens: one in Seaside, eleven in Hammond, and the rest in Astoria. These numbers did not include the nisei. The law at the time gave American citizenship to children of Japanese ancestry who were born in the U.S., but did not allow foreign-born Japanese to become citizens. Citizens, or not, all were now watched with suspicion. Police raids were made on their homes.

There were protests among the local Japanese because of this. A few

had been here for forty years. Henry Nomachi, a well-known resident and a former ju-jitsu wrestler, reminded the reporter for the *Astorian Budget* that, in 1922, after fire destroyed most of Astoria's downtown, the local Japanese people, in spite of their poverty, collected $1,132 for Astoria's emergency fund. Nomachi had donated the proceeds from several of his wrestling matches, too.

On December 13, 1941, it was announced that the funds of local Japanese aliens were frozen. Those who wanted money from their bank accounts to live on had to apply to the federal reserve for a form to be filled out and sent in.

On January 26, 1942, all enemy aliens, Germans, Italians as well as Japanese, were ordered to apply for identification papers to carry on their person at all times. Hans Bue, assistant postmaster, reported that sixty-eight aliens living in Clatsop County had been registered.

Two weeks later two Japanese aliens were arrested at their homes in Fort Stevens and Tongue Point for having contraband.

On February 24th, the *Budget* reported that the Clatsop Post of the American Legion had adopted a resolution asking for the removal of all Japanese whether foreign born or not. (No mention was made of removing people of German or Italian descent. --Germans had made up a substantial number of the early county residents.)

The same day, the paper reported the seizure of a Japanese map, from some unspecified place, showing an invasion plan of the West Coast.

The "voluntary" exodus of Japanese aliens and nisei began with the request that they report to the U.S. employment office for information on evacuation before the 25th. They were informed that the farms, greenhouses and oyster beds they owned were to be continued in operation by "white operators" to insure "vital war food production."

"Every effort will be made to see that full equities of Japanese in their lands and operations are fully protected in any transfers of properties or interests," they were told.

The *Budget* reported on May 16th, that "Japanese, from young, alert Japanese- Americans to old men who understand English poorly and who are obviously a bit confused by what is happening, today were streaming into the wartime civil control administration offices, 599 Duane street, to register in preparation for evacuation."

Helen Hayashi of Astoria acted as interpreter.

Sixty Japanese left Astoria on May 20th, "with cheery smiles and handwavings for the few policemen and spectators standing around," the Budget said. They left in "two chartered buses, while their baggage and some personal equipment was carried in two moving vans. The procession was preceded and followed by army

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A FISHERMAN'S HOME O

n the Columbia River

reconnaissance cars with soldiers." The Japanese were taken to the Pacific International Livestock Expo buildings in Portland and, again under military convoy, driven to camps away from the coast.

The names of those evacuated were printed in the *Budget* on May 21, 1942:

Hammond

- Hideta Kondo and wife Chicko
- Chiyokichi Shima
- Shokichi Oka
- Kijukishi Ono and wife Tsurue

Warrenton

- Harunosicki Sunda.

Astoria

- Henry Nomachi
- Genzo Mujagaua
- Misso Takahara
- Jaushiro Makita
- Fujimatsu Hamataka
- Shiegata Ike gami
- Kietagara Itomi
- Asoki Tada
- Ishimatsu Hayashi, wife Kayo, and daughter Helen
- Tomijiro Ireye
- Masao Ono
- Rihie Tanimoto and wife Yoshina
- Sanjiro Kaaoka and wife Tokeno
- Thomas Hayashi and wife Suye
- Chitose Kobayashi, daughter Marcia, and sons, George, and Ken
- Tomotsu Hayashi and wife Marie
- Skegezo Morikawa
- Hatsuko Pizarro and daughter Irene
- Einoje Niura.

Wauna

- Medore Kobayashi
- Oshino Uyeda and sons Henry, Charles, and Franklin.

Westport

- Uakka Shiozaki
- Charles Kanda
- Iwao Kosakada
- Kyochi Yamamoto
- Ujifsuto Yamaguchi, wife Shizuo, and daughter Mary
- Manji Takamatsu.

Clatskanie

- Mynoru Takemota, his father Takichi, sister Himeko, and brother, Tomeo.

Did any of these people ever return to Clatsop County? At least one family did. The Otsuki family, whose name does not appear above but was among those evacuated in 1942, returned on a cold, windy day in November 1987 to make a pilgrimage to the grave of 6-year old Mitsuru who fell off a dock in Astoria in 1935 and drowned in the Columbia River. The marker on his grave in the Lewis and Clark Cemetery had long since disintegrated. No records remained to show the location of the grave. Brothers, sisters, and the mother of Mitsuru wandered through the cemetery in a vain effort at remembering where the child had been buried.

CCHS Accession #01.146.001

NOTICE

Headquarters Western Defense Command and Fourth Army

Presidio of San Francisco, California
May 14, 1942

Civilian Exclusion Order No. 74

1. Pursuant to the provisions of Public Proclamations Nos. 1 and 2, this Headquarters, dated March 2, 1942, and March 16, 1942, respectively, it is hereby ordered that from and after 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., of Wednesday, May 20, 1942, all persons of Japanese ancestry, both alien and non-alien, be excluded from that portion of Military Area No. 1 described as follows:

> All of the Counties of Washington, Yamhill, Tillamook, Clatsop and Columbia, State of Oregon. Together with all portions of Multnomah County, State of Oregon not heretofore covered by exclusion orders of this Headquarters.

2. A responsible member of each family, and each individual living alone, in the above described area will report between the hours of 8:00 A. M. and 5:00 P. M., Saturday, May 16, 1942, or during the same hours on Sunday, May 17, 1942, to either one of the Civil Control Stations located at:

American Legion Hall,
First Avenue and Main Street North,
Forest Grove, Oregon.

599 Duane Street,
Astoria, Oregon.

3. Any person subject to this order who fails to comply with any of its provisions or with the provisions of published instructions pertaining hereto or who is found in the above area after 12 o'clock noon, P. W. T., of Wednesday, May 20, 1942, will be liable to the criminal penalties provided by Public Law No. 503, 77th Congress, approved March 21, 1942, entitled "An Act to Provide a Penalty for Violation of Restrictions or Orders with Respect to Persons Entering, Remaining in, Leaving or Committing Any Act in Military Areas or Zones," and alien Japanese will be subject to immediate apprehension and internment.

4. All persons within the bounds of an established Assembly Center pursuant to instructions from this Headquarters are excepted from the provisions of this order while those persons are in such Assembly Center.

J. L. DeWITT
Lieutenant General, U. S. Army
Commanding

A Machine Gunner at the Cape

by Diana Serra Cary (Baby Peggy)

Robert Cary spent World War II from the spring of 1942 until early 1946 as a Seaman First Class in the U.S. Coast Guard. During that entire time, he was stationed as part of a very small lookout/rescue team who lived a short walk back from the beach where Lewis and Clark first glimpsed the Pacific. Their lookout was perched on a high bluff at Cape Disappointment. He helped salvage cargo and save lives from many ships that broke-up there in the dangerous currents of the Columbia River." This was in a message sent to CCHS in 2007 by his widow, Diana Serra Cary.

Along with the letter are photographs, one of her husband at work manning a small scow that had a machine gun attached to it. Diana explained that Robert and his companions looked for signs of the enemy. They also used a rowboat to reach ships in trouble, an "oars only" operation with a few of their rescue missions coming very near to taking the lives of one or more of their skeleton crew. Another photo has three images on it of a boat in trouble. The boat was the troller *Donna* of Aberdeen in the breakers two miles north of Ocean Park, Washington. Another photo [omitted], dated 1943, is of the interior of Amato's Supper Club. "Twenty-year-old Robert, far from home and shy," Diana wrote, "is the startled-looking lad on the left. Their only recreation, barring a furlough in civilized Seattle, was a weekend leave during which they could visit Amato's Supper Club. My husband was fluent in Spanish [French?] (though not Mexican, being a Cajun from Louisiana), he was glad to find a place where he might practice his then quite 'alien' tongue."

Diana is notable in her own right. Her birth name was Peggy-Gene Montgomery, but as a childhood actor she was known as "Baby Peggy." Wikipedia lists some sixty films she performed in from 1921 to 1938. She earned one and a half million dollars a year salary, but her father lost it all in the Depression. Refusing to work anymore in films, she moved away from home, eventually becoming a writer. She has written about her own life and that of other child movie stars who were treated as commodities. Her autobiography is titled "What Ever Happened to Baby Peggy?"

Diana Serra Cary died early this year (2020) at the age of 101. Her husband died in 2013.

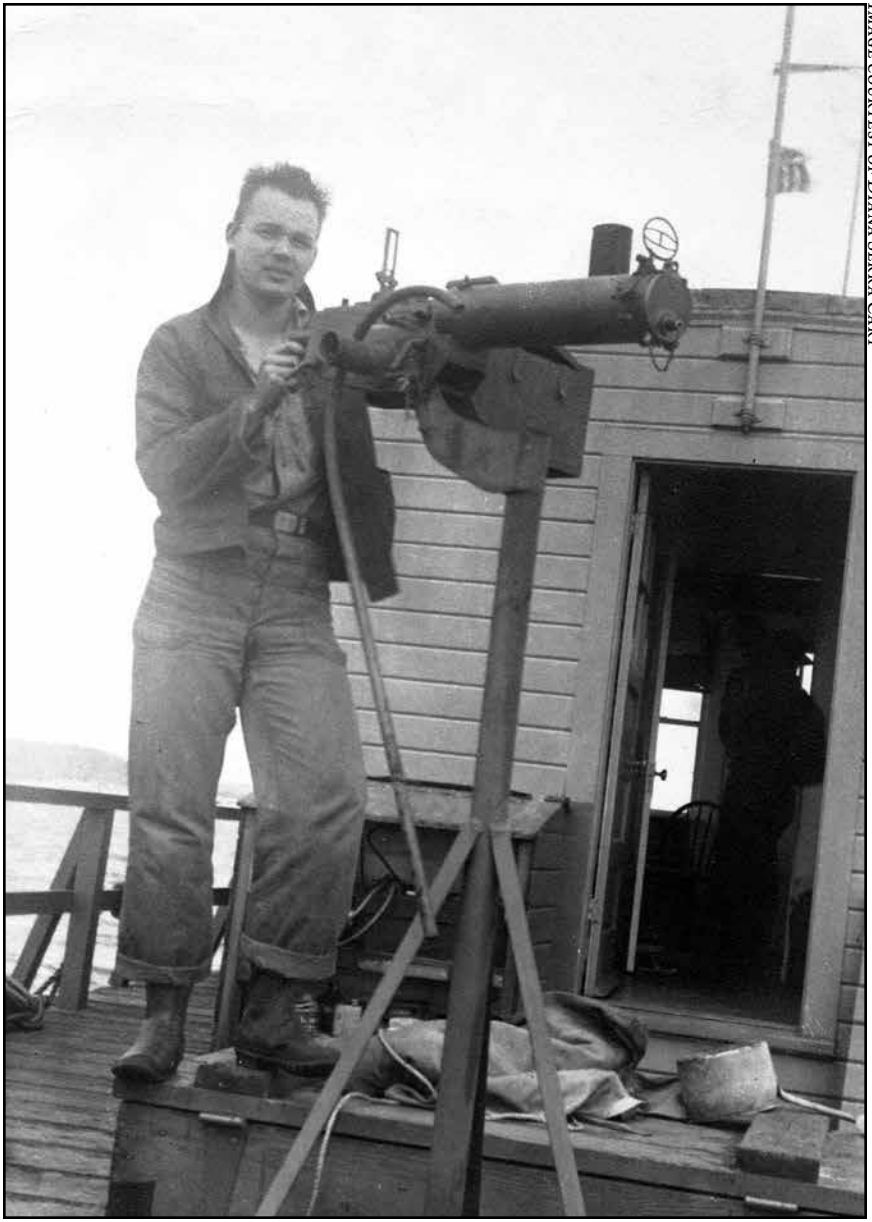


Image courtesy of Diana Serra Cary

Robert Edward Cary, July 1943, 21 years old, Seaman First Class in U.S. Coast Guard, served four years in World War II. Photo on a control barge with water-cooled machine gun, guarding the Columbia River to check possible entry of Japanese. (Note written by Robert: "It's the wind that makes my pants so fat.")

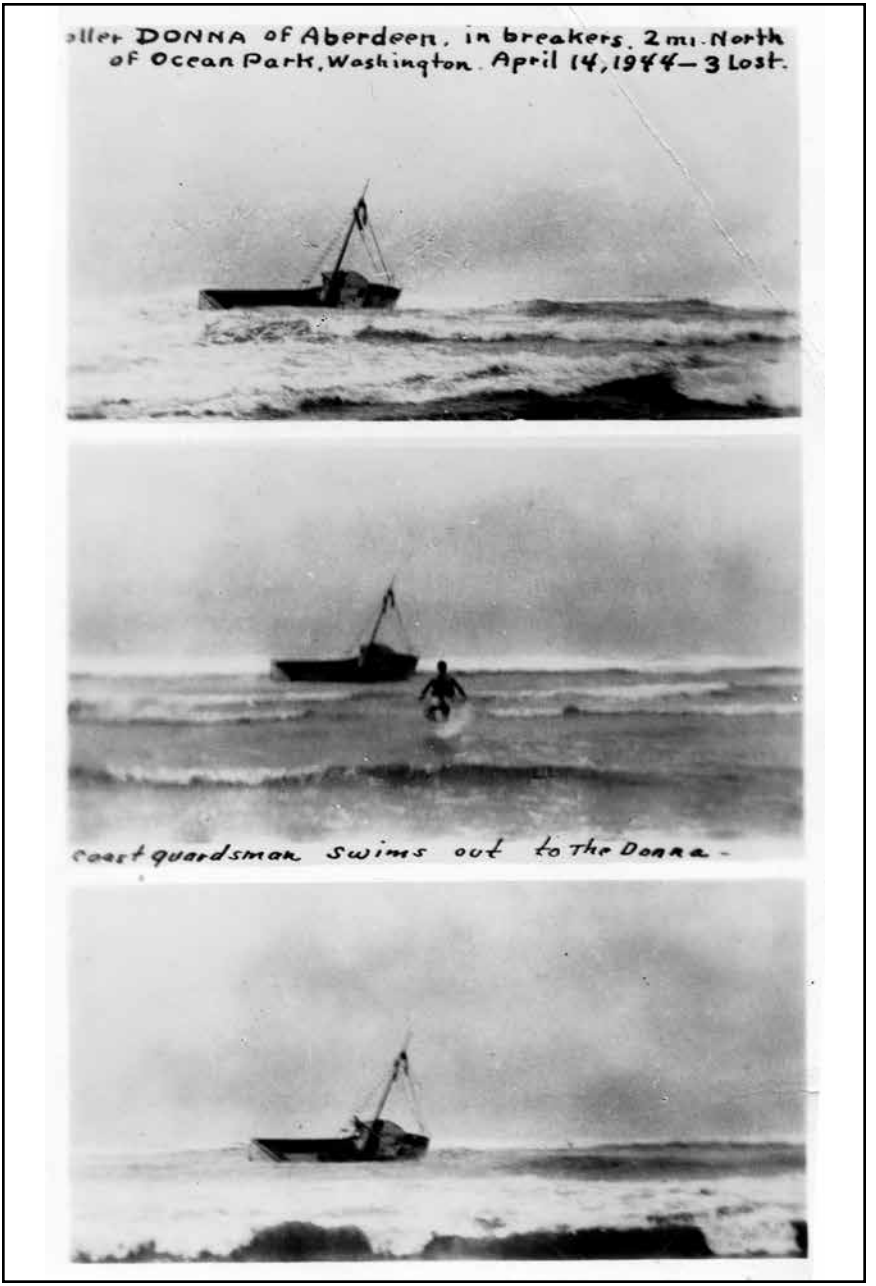

DONNA of Aberdeen, in breakers, 2 mi. North
of Ocean Park, Washington. April 14, 1944—3 Lost.
Coast guardsman swims out to the Donna.

Image courtesy of Diana Serra Cary

Images of the trawler *Donna* from Aberdeen, WA in distress April 14, 1944. . "The guy swimming out there is James Dineff (the Greek). Anything for a laugh! Dineff was one of our cooks. Yes, he's bare-assed."

Library of Congress

A scene from "The Darling of New York," 1923. A fire in 1926 and decaying celluloid have left only a few of Baby Peggy's vintage films in museum archives.

THE SALMON INDUSTRY

A Brief Sketch of the Business from Its Inception.

———

The First Columbia River Salmon Canners.

———

An Industry That Has Been of Immense Importance in Astoria.

———

An article is now going the rounds of the press about W. T. Coleman, who is now in Seattle, which, among other things, says that he started the first salmon cannery on the Columbia river in 1863. This is a mistake.

It has occurred to the writer that a little article on that subject is in order.

BEGINNING OF THE BUSINESS

The first salmon packed on this coast in anything like the way that is so familiar to the world, was put up in cans by Wm. Hume in 1864. It had its first inception in his brain. For the first few years so, little was packed that it hardly amounted to anything.

In 1868 Geo. Francis Train delivered a lecture in Portland, in which he called attention to the market value of the millions of Columbia river salmon, and prophesied that the day would come when great fortunes would be made at the business.

He didn't know anything of Mr. Hume's packing salmon at Eagle Cliff, but he saw clearly that there was a great opportunity to make money.

Hume came from a race of salmon catchers, who had speared and gaffed salmon in Scotland centuries ago, and crossed to Maine where they caught salmon in the Kennebec when apprentice boys had it stipulated in the indenture that the master should not set salmon on the table more than twice a week.

He journeyed from Maine to California, and located first on the Sacramento river, where he began as an experiment the canning of salmon in a small way. Numerous discouragements, and a knowledge of the superiority of the Columbia river salmon which had for a generation been the staple food of the people on the lower Columbia, and had helped many a pioneer brave the rigors and inconveniences of a new country, decided him to move.

He located at Eagle Cliff, on the north bank of the Columbia, and began the work that was to place upon the markets of the world one of its greatest commercial productions.

He had uphill work for a year or two, and many obstacles to contend with, but after the superiority of his productions became known, the demand for his salmon increased, and the business became profitable.

Up to that time the salmo quinnat, the king of fishes, seen only in its perfection in the lower Columbia, had hardly a place in history. True, he was known where he grew, or was caught, and was eaten with a relish by those who could

get him, but as a standard article of diet or commerce he was unknown.

It has only been twenty-one years since the world sought for him, and epicures demanded that he be given a place upon their tables.

Up to 1869, the newspapers of the coast had scarcely a mention of him, except to announce, annually, about the first of April, that a few Columbia river salmon had appeared in the market. Up to that time—except the few that Wm. Hume packed—the only means of preserving salmon had been by salting them in barrels, which industry was carried on at three or four places on the Columbia, by half a dozen men who worked in pairs, and had one net, and one boat. Their products were principally used by the people close by, and only the surplus sent to market, where it had slow sale.

THE FIRST ADVERTISEMENT

It was on April 1st, 1869 that an advertisement appeared in the Daily Oregonian, which was probably the first that the salmon industry had ever called forth.

Reading it to-day one is amused, but then it was an earnest call for help in an experiment that was to grow into something of importance. It read as follows:

Wanted

Twenty young men and boys to work at canning fish at Hume & Co.'s packing establishment. Apply to Williams & Myers, No. 25 Front street, and No. 21 First street, Portland, Oregon.

The above advertisement shows what the industry amounted to in that year when twenty young men and boys could supply the demand for work and had to be advertised for at the time. Quite different from what it was a few years later when thousands annually gathered in this city to work during the fishing season.

However, the product of 1869 was not of sufficient importance to attract attention, and the next year (1870) another similar advertisement appeared in the Oregonian (The Astorian was not then in existence) on April 22nd, calling for twenty-five young men and boys. This advertisement was for Hapgood & Hume and revealed but two things that would show an increase in the business. First, Hume had taken a partner, and second, five more boys were needed that year.

But the salmon business grew apace, and other canneries sprung into existence.

ANOTHER PIONEER

It was in the summer of 1879, at Rainier, that a ship carpenter who had done some fishing, and saw the possibilities of salmon becoming one of the world's staple articles of food, built the second cannery.

He had worked the year before at Eagle Cliff, and had gained an insight into the mode of work, crude as it was at that time, and launched himself into the business, with only his own pluck, and a few hundred dollars of capital.

His name was Aldrich. He built a scow, measuring 50×20 feet, and launched it upside down, because he had built it that way on the beach. He turned it over in the river, and after it was found to float all right, he put a cabin on it, and then built a furnace of brick at one end, in which he set a cast iron cauldron, holding about 40 gallons. Along one side he rigged a kind of bench and with a set of tinner's tools, bought in Portland and picked up in Astoria, he began the manufacture of cans. It seems that he was a genius, and could do pretty nearly

anything required in that line, for he did most of the work himself, and actually caught some salmon, placed them in cans of his own make, put them in the cauldron and saw them cook, after which he took them out and sealed them tight. That task done he was ready to help along the great work.

When he was able to put up four dozen cans—just one case—each day, and was ready to go to work in earnest, he towed his scow out into the middle current of the Columbia and floated down to Pillar Rock, and helped to electrify the world with the new product—canned salmon.

The few dozen cans put up by Hume & Aldrich that year were probably used up somewhere along the river, certainly no further away than Portland the next winter. Aldrich had no labels, and neither had a market for their products, except the metropolis of Oregon, possibly San Francisco.

PROGRESS OF THE BUSINESS

The years went on, and the product of canned salmon steadily increased, it now being known as an article of commerce, but it was not till 1873 that the encyclopedia made the first mention of the Columbia river salmon fisheries. At that time, when Oregon was yet in its early childhood, so to speak, the canning of Columbia river salmon had grown to be one of the largest and leading industries of the state. A number of large establishments were then in operation on the lower Columbia and earned salmon of a superior quality was being shipped to all parts of the world.

In 1873 one of the largest canneries on the Columbia river prepared and shipped 35,000 cases of salmon, including 21,000 one-pound and 11,000 two-pound cans, besides which 200 barrels and 100 kits of salted salmon were put up by the same firm. In 1872 the salmon fisheries were of comparatively little importance, but in 1873, (the year THE ASTORIAN was founded), the pack approximated $1,000,000 in export value, and in 1874 exceeded $1,500,000. In the same year thirteen canneries were in operation between Rainier and Astoria, a large establishment having been built at the former place by Williams & Myers, on the identical spot where Aldrich launched his immortal scow in 1869.

That year the fisheries required the employment of 600 men and 300 boats. Fish were then worth 25 cents each. Two thousand men were employed in the canneries, and the wages for that season ran up to a quarter of a million dollars. In 1874 Governor Grover, in his message to the legislature, recommended the appointment of a fish commission to investigate the subject of salmon ascending the falls at Oregon City. The governor's message bore fruit many years after.

FISHING ON THE BAR

The next year several more canneries were built below this city and further down toward the bar. A large catch was canned that year, but the exports were very light. The United States, for the first time, was learning what choice food the Columbia river salmon is, when rightly prepared. The next year was an uneventful one, and business was light, but in 1877 the salmon industry ranked the important industries of the state; the revenue that year being $2,250,000, from 450,000 cases.

The fish began to get scarce after that year, and then was felt the first apprehension among cannery men and others that the chinook salmon would eventually disappear. The price of "the raw material" now raised to 50 cents each,

and it was figured that a case of salmon selling for $5 cost $4.39 f.o.b.

As the years went by the number of men and boats increased, and every season the fishing field extended farther and farther, till in '86 the daring men went clear outside the bar. Disasters to life in '87 compelled a cessation of that practice, which has now fallen into disuse, and the present year has seen little gill net fishing below Scarborough head.

About five years went by the Sacramento catch fell off to almost nothing at all, and the Alaska fisheries assumed prominence. A dwindling catch on the Columbia sounded the alarm, and the Clackamas hatchery was resuscitated. The first fruits of that experiment is held by many to be seen in the increased run the present season. The year 1883 was the banner year for canning salmon on the coast up to that time. The figures for that year are as follows. There were packed on the

CASES

Columbia River	629,400
Sacramento River	160,000
Rogue River	16,000
Coquille River	7,000
Eel River	15,000
Frazer River	175,000
Other B.C. Rivers	68,000
Alaska	36,000
Total	1,106,400

It is thought that the pack of the coast for the present season—1890—will aggregate 1,250,000 cases.

Note: The complete article can be seen at the Heritage Museum archives.

CCHS image from photo album #90.032.002

Columbia River Fishing Boat from *Canoeing From the Sound to the Sea*, 1886

River Ark Dwellers

How the Fishermen Can Enjoy Some of the Comforts of Home on the Stream

The ark dwellers are once more afloat, and the queer, quaint, picturesque little houses with "boat bottoms" are disappearing from the tidelands where they have rested through the fall and winter.

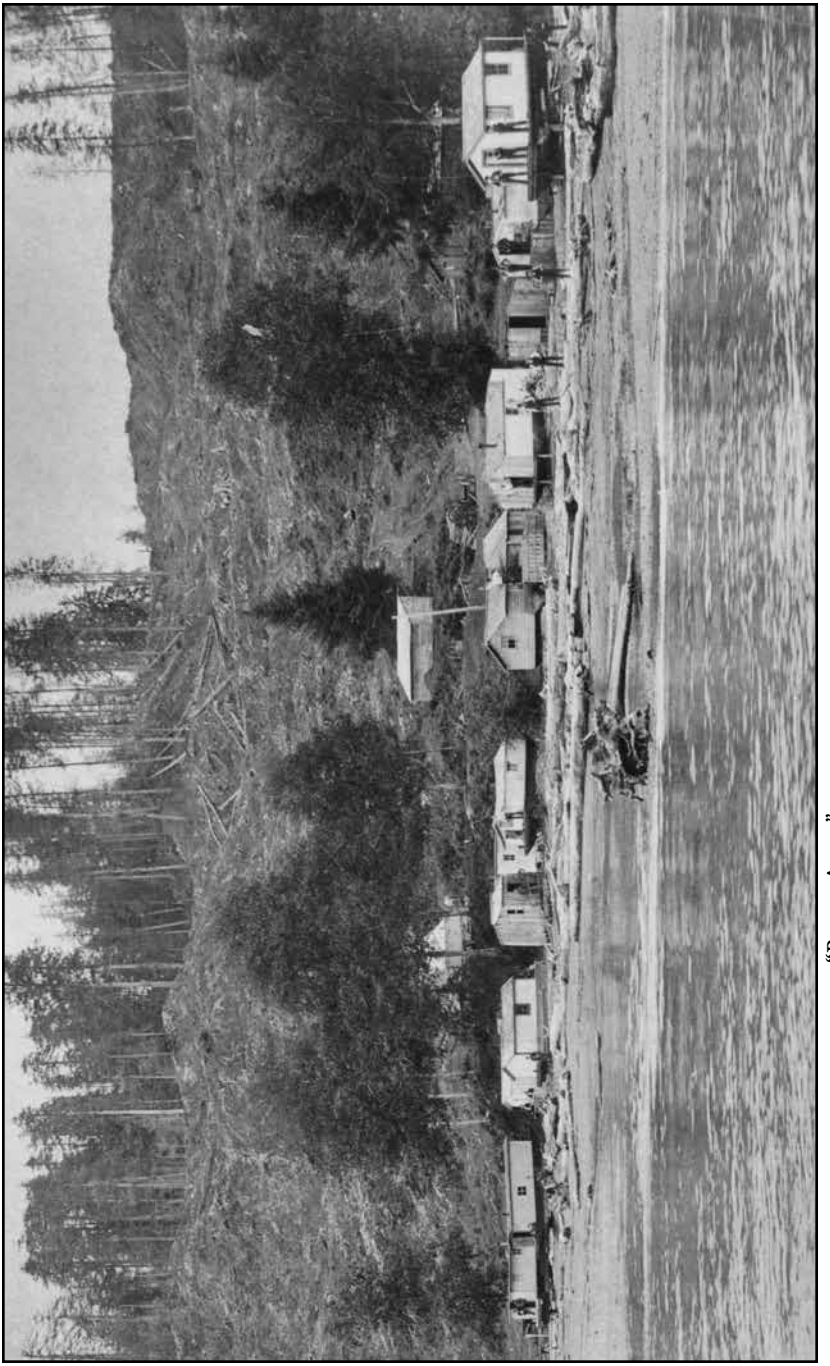
The arks are the bachelor dens of the fishermen onshore in winter and their dwellings afloat on the river in the spring and summer. Some of these floating houses are wonderfully fitted up, so far as the convenience of the occupants are concerned, and it is almost beyond belief how many persons can be comfortably accommodated in the smallest of the arks.

Yesterday the fishermen down in Uniontown put into the water to "soak," preparatory to towing it to the place selected by them for a residence on the river, an ark eight feet in width and twelve feet long. In this little house were folding bunks for no less than eight men; a cook stove that is sunk below the deck when not in use, a table that can be folded up, and some ten or twelve camp stools. On the walls and in the corner are cupboards containing dishes and cooking utensils. When the bunks are folded up, and the stove lowered, providing it is not too cold, nearly all the floor space of the ark is available, and here the fishermen, when off duty, spend their time.

The arks are a wonderful convenience to the fishermen, saving them many a weary mile's pull after their work is done, providing a refuge close at hand in case of an accident, a place of amusement, of rest-in fact, a home right on the water in the midst of the fish they are hunting.

Many of the arks are quite valuable. As can be easily understood, these floating houses must be well and carefully built. The builders have, in many instances, expended considerable sums in beautifying the interior of their floating homes.

CCHS image #87.071.004



"River Arks" line the shore in this early image.

Recipes from the Knappa Boosters' Cookbook
Published in 1980.

Barbecued Salmon

Sheriff Carl Bondietti

To begin with, I prefer to use salmon which has not been completely butchered. By this, I mean entrails and head removed, leaving the fins intact. The next procedure would be to remove backbone. Approximately 1 hour before putting the fish on the fire, I salt it down very lightly. The fish is then placed flesh down over the fire until it becomes golden brown, at which time I turn the fish over so that the skin is now to the heat. I allow the fish to cook for approximately 30 minutes in this manner. While cooking, it is basted several times with the following basting material: For family size salmon barbecue, melt 1 cube butter; use 3 tablespoons fresh lemon or lemon juice, and a dash of garlic salt to taste. The ingredients are kept warm over the same fire. My recommendation for type of fuel would be the use of alder wood or any type of wood fuel, which would be applewood, maple. Briquets also can be used.

Baked Salmon

Carol Barendse

Fresh salmon (4 to 5 lb.)
1 large onion
5 to 6 whole allspice
1 large bay leaf

Quarter onion. Place in the cavity of fish along with allspice and broken bay leaf, salt, and pepper to taste. Wrap well in foil. Place in a roaster. Bake at 325 degrees for two hours or until done.

Laksloda

Carol Barendse

1 to 2 lb. piece saltfish
8 to 10 potatoes, sliced
1 to 2 onions, sliced
6 to 8 whole allspice
1 large bay leaf
Add milk to cover

Soak saltfish 8 to 10 hours, changing water often. Slice and rinse thoroughly. Layer potatoes, onion, and fish, allspice, and broken bay leaf; with this amount, you should have about two layers of each. Pour in enough milk to cover (milk may be heated first)—Bake 2 to 4 hours in a low oven, 250 degrees to 275 degrees. Very good left over.

A Cullaby Lake Hiking Story

By August Hildebrand

The Angora Hiking Club of Astoria accepted the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Straw to visit with them at their lakeshore lodge on Cullaby Lake.

Sunday, June 3, 1934—promptly at 8 a.m., the bunch, twenty-three in number, started from the downtown assembly place at Hildebrand's in five automobiles and drove about fifteen miles southerly toward Seaside to West Station. From thence a foot over roads leading through low cranberry lands to a sort of a landing place about a half-mile distant. This landing place was a sandy beach near a picnic grove shaded with small green alder trees. A pumping station near that had, in years past, supplied water for irrigation, or rather inundation for the cranberry lands. There were two small duck hunting skiffs and Mr. Straw himself to supervise the ferrying of the guests across the Lake in those two boats. The Lake at this point is about a half-mile wide.

The boats looked rather small to the historian and seemingly also to other members who showed some nervousness when the first boat left the beach with Irma Kenney, who by the way was the leader for the day, Axel Ramvick, Clarence Barrett, Mary Weaver, Marge Upham, and Winnie Granlund—count them—six, in a boat that was designed for one duck hunter perhaps two—well this would be a good load. Only four inches of the boat was over water—But—we all Astorians are used to boats, and nearly all can swim, and the Angora bunch is at home on the water as well as on the mountain tops—and furthermore, because the Angoras are not foolish enough to rock the boats they are in, the first load got over safely. It took about four more trips to take the following over across the smooth lake waters to the friendly little home nestled on a small knoll where Mrs. Straw greeted her guests. This made the party twenty-five in total numbers.

In front of the lodge was a boat landing made from floating logs that served as a fishing and bathing float. Back of the home, a forest of Oregon trees framed the picture with higher hills farther back.

To show that they were not afraid of the water, some of the younger members, especially the female part donned their bathing suits and promptly plunged off the landing logs while some of the male members fished. It

CCHS image #05.066.250A

Cullaby Lake house of Arthur and Veryl Straw. ca. 1934

was a conglomeration of anglers, fish lines, hooks, fish, and mermaids—however, none of the maids were caught to the relief of—Well, I will let you guess who. For a while, the biggest thing caught was a piece of bark about a foot and a half long—well, you should have seen the look of disappointment on the face of the fisherman. However, with a lower sun later in the day, they started to bite with the result that we had plenty of fish for supper.

However, some member of the club felt themselves restricted in their activities—you know mountain climbing offers more outlet for excess energy than men swimming, lake fishing and boating in which some indulged in by them.

The back hills were dense forests, no trails, etc. In their zeal to hunt for diversion, they found a couple of logs on the lakeshore, a couple of axes, a pair of wedges, and an assortment of saws—and you should see the bunch, girls and all, go to it like old loggers. Well, the host smiled—yes, I suspect he suspected a trend of this kind—he had the proper tools handy and also the logs.

Emil Granlund, with thorough business and mechanical insight, saw to the sharpening of the saws. Then we could see the saws sawing more sawdust, yes it was a matter of

CCHS IMAGE #05.066.250B

Looking over Cullaby lake from the porch of the Straw's cottage.

see-sawing all morning with some of them even though they never touched the saw. But please do not imagine that the whole bunch could make wages sawing and splitting wood, with a man and woman power of twenty-five there was by actual measurement about a half of a cord result. I know in olden days they used to pay a dollar a cord. Twenty-five divided into fifty cents makes two cents each earned.

Well in all this hard work they could not forget lunchtime—at half-past eleven some started to eat and presently all were camping on the knoll, some in the sun and some in the shade of trees.

Presently, the zooming of a water plane on the Lake drew attention. It was Jack Dellinger well known to all Astorians. Mrs. Dellinger, Jack's mother, owns a cranberry ranch across the Lake from where we were to the south. Jack seemed to be in his element spinning and skipping over the water. He assisted greatly in making this Angora outing a success by giving the members a shin over the Lake. A vote of thanks is do [due] to him.

Part of Angora Hiking Club consisting of Wm Barth, Chas Erickson, Rudy Barth, and the historian enjoyed a stroll to the old Bradberry[Bradbury], an early white settler's abandoned orchard, and to shore beach. The ne-

CCHS image #05.066.242

Angora members on a walk along a logging trestle near Vernonia.

glected orchard was the only remaining evidence of former civilization. The different apple, plum, and pear trees showed that an effort had been made to subdue the wilderness, but the wilderness kept the upper hand. Lacking the constant vigilant care of human endeavor, the blackberries, salmonberries, and the much-esteemed thimble berries among native trees vied with apple, pear, and plums in a struggle for existence.

How all this gives thoughts to philosophical ideas—ideas that concern economic and social questions of today—of tomorrow:—that civilization is nothing but individuals restraint for the communistic well being:—That civilization is an effort to overcome the jungle idea of crowding the other fellow out.

It is a reasoning endeavor to consider the neighbor—and this reasoning endeavor may only be had through constant cultivation of the mind to higher ideals. In the instance of this orchard through constant cultivation and pruning, I emphasize "constant."

At the lonely short-beach, someone suggested the idea that this was an ideal spot to found a nudist camp. Nudist camps seem to be the fashionable trend. Wm. Barth promptly suggested that we establish one right then and there—and go in swimming as Adam did years ago. The historian somewhat demurred at the idea—perhaps his angular shape and age might have been the cause for this—but he was promptly overruled, and to appease him, he was appointed overseer and sentry.

Well, here were three manly graces! In his eager endeavor to reach the water, Wm Barth slipped and slid down the slippery clay beach feet first and floated in the water—on an even keel as a ship leaving the ways—well done—a beautiful, graceful launching of the hull. Yes, the hull of Bill Barth. Perceiving the swiftness, Rudy, with his brother, ventured in the water more cautiously somewhat like a frog when he waddles in. There was no springboard or log handy to play leapfrog from. But you folks should have seen our Charley. He made a perfect picture that reminded of September morn and no fooling.

All is well that ends well—but besides forgetting their bathing suits, they forgot also their bathing towels. They did not think of the towels when they went in, but surely when they came out of the water.

After all, the first nudist camp meeting on Cullaby Lake was a complete success.

Returning to the lodge by afternoon, the western sun reflecting on the waters made a very pretty picture that must be excelled only by moonlight on bright favorable nights. Here the sun porch of the lodge came into its full worth overlooking the Lake and all and a setting sun.

The next event was a fish supper—plenty of fried perch and plenty

of supper, which Mr. and Mrs. Straw helped to prepare and which we all enjoyed.

A short description of the lake may not be amiss. The state of Oregon owns it, and for that reason, it is at times stocked by the Fish Commission of Oregon, with small fish.—Cullaby Lake is situated in a southerly direction from Astoria, near the Pacific ocean about fifteen miles as the crow flies. Hemmed-in to the east by low foothills of the Coast Mountains, to the west by low marshy and sandy land now cranberry land formed by the action of the ocean currents, wind, and waves from sand and silt carried seaward by the mighty Columbia.

It seems that when the earth was formed in this region, by volcanic action in the dim past, that the upheaval of the Coast Mountains, the buckling of the earth stopped at the eastern shore of the lake forming here the edge of the continent. All the land west of the hills north of Tillamook head and south of the Columbia was formed since the upheaval and was the flotsam of the moving Columbia draining the Pacific Northwest Empire from the Rocky Mountains through the Cascades at the Coast Mountains. This sand and sediment formed dunes, lagoons and lakes. This Cullaby Lake is simply the largest. It is fed by several mountain rivulets and other lakes. It has an outlet to the Columbia through Skipanon Creek. It must have had an outlet in former Indian days through a chain of lakes, the Neacoxie Creek, Wahana and Necanicum river direct to the Pacific all of it forming a canal that the Indians in early days traveled by canoe from the Columbia River near Astoria to the Pacific ocean near the present city of Seaside, just north of Tillamook Head.

Cullaby Lake is about two to three miles long—and, as said before, about a half-mile wide. It has many little bays, coves, and sloughs that are ideal for small yachting harbors.

Years ago, the state of Oregon, through the initiative of then State Senator Clark Carnahan, spent $10,000 deepening the Skipanon—Columbia river outlet to a log canal. This canal has, however, been neglected in later years. An old abandoned sawmill at the north end of the lake reminds of former activities of reducing the former large trees adjacent to the lake to lumber. This would indicate former larger trees, but there are plenty of nice large green trees left tho most of second growth. It all gives a splendid indication of the recuperative abilities of our western coastlands so far it concerns reforestation.

Cullaby Lake is named after the Indian name of a white man, a castaway shipwrecked sailor; the only surviving member of the crew of a vessel driven ashore about the year 1745 north of the mouth of the Nehalem River just below and south of Neah-Ka-Nie mountain.

The story, as handed down to the early white men by the grandson of the original Cullaby, interpreted by his son to a Mr. Minto, a well-known early American during the 1840s.

This son the fourth generation of the original castaway was versed in English, and he made the interpretation of his father's story in short about as follows:

South of Neah-Kah-Nie Mountain on the Nehalem River, a branch of the Tillamook tribe, was domiciled.

During one stormy night, a shipwreck occurred on the ocean beach, near the Indian village. One sole survivor was saved from the sea as well as from the wild warriors of this tribe by Ona, the only daughter of Nehala and Wena, his squaw. This daughter was coveted by a brother of the chief of the Tillamook, but she preferred the saved white man. This white man had red hair and smooth skin in contrast to the warty complexion and dark beards and hair of the remainder of the ship's crew also washed ashore, but dead.

It is supposed that this white man was a Scotchman and the other sailors Portuguese, Spanish, or Mexican.

All lovers have a stormy career—and so the love affair of Ona and, we will call him Reddy the Scott, had its obstacles, especially from the mentioned brother of the Tillamook chief. He repeatedly tried to kill the Scott, who was protected by his faithful Ona.

Tact and kindness on the part of the Scott eventually won the esteem of the whole tribe excepting that of the jealous lover. Even after the Scott saved the life of his rival in the ocean breakers that break over the numerous rocks that line the shore, he could not overcome his jealousness.

Trying to set up a separate domicile to get away from an annoying man and unpleasant contact the family to whom this Scott was, in time, related by marriage to his ever faithful Ona, moved far north on the coast, to what is now known as Cannon beach, Ecola, Elk Creek and Indian beach. The Indian lover followed with bad intent. He, however, was killed by Reddy when he persisted following and in his endeavor to harass its family and covet Ona, to the satisfaction of all who knew. Near Hug Point, the migrating family met the son of a Clatsop chief who, with some companions, was hunting bears. These bears ran accidentally into the traveling family around a cliff on the beach, upsetting Nehala, the father. The Scott was quicker. He shot one bear with his gun and the other bear with the gun of his father-in-law who had as yet not recovered from his surprise.

The so dispatched bears were gracefully given to the surprised Clatsop hunting party who, in turn, invited the family to the Clatsop Indian settlement on the banks of the Ne-Ca-Nie-Cum at the site of the present city of Seaside to live with them.

Eventually, the west shore of Cullaby Lake was assigned or selected

as a permanent place of abode. Here was another village of the Clatsops & the Scotchman was versed in the art of firearms and other fighting implements and became the armorer blacksmith of the Clatsops, a very useful member of the tribe. With tact, kindness, and diligent labor, he won the esteem of his new hosts and lived peacefully. The Tillamooks never resented nor retaliated the death of the unfortunate Indian lover.

Our hero, the Scott, died about ten years after while nursing the chief of the Clatsops during a smallpox epidemic. The son of the Scott, grandson, and great-grandson inherited the trade of the original castaway and assumed the name of Cullaby. They all showed in their features the descent from the red-headed white man. With the end of the great-grandson came the end of the generation, and in fact, the end of the Clatsops in general. They were decimated by disease and rum, unable to withstand the firewater, the civilization, and the aggressiveness of the white man.

The son of the original castaway came into contact with Lewis and Clark — the American explorers—but as his father was dumb, or never spoke, he had acquired only the language of his mother, the Indian. This mother and the red-headed father to all accounts lived happily and raised a family of one son and three daughters.

And so Cullaby Lake acquired even in those early Indian days a romantic, idyllic, peaceful reputation which it holds to this day. The Clatsops were friends of the white people who, however, never appreciated nor repaid their kindness.

The whole west coast region of Oregon and Washington from when the Siskyou mountains jut into the ocean to Cape Flattery thence east to the Cascades formed, in very early days, an Indian Empire peopled by the Canoe Indians—also called the Chinooks or wood house Indians.

This region is interwoven with Indian lore and legends and early white man's history & many a dime novel could be written if—the hills and trees could only talk.

The Cullaby family is buried, or rather was given to the elements Indian fashion, on the shores of Cullaby Lake, on an island on the Dellinger ranch mentioned before. And so ends my story of the Angora Hiking Club's picnic to Mr. and Mrs. Straws lakeshore lodge—on Cullaby Lake—oh—yes—I forgot to mention that we all arrived home that Sunday evening about eight o'clock p.m. Sound, Safe and Sober.

August Hildebrand
Historian
Angora Hiking Club
Astoria, Oregon

Editors note: There are still many descendants of Native Americans living in the Lower Columbia area.

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Angora Hiking Club Members at William Barth's property, 1934

front row, left to right: Bill Barth, Charles hustwick, unidentified, Margaret Upham, Esther Juntti
Back Row: unidentified, Axel Ramvick, Ida Jarvie, Bea Cornelisen, Miss?? Hildebrand, Vi Crofoot, Winnie Granlund, Charlotte Upham, August Hildebrand, unidentified, Mary Weaver, unidentified, Martha Becker, Jim Jarvis, unidentified.

Others listed in attendance for the Cullaby Lake hike, but not identified in this photo were: Clarence Barrett, Rudy Barth, Melvin Becker, Agnes Carlson, Emil Granlund, Charlie Erickson, Irma Kenney, and Olga Sarpola.

Letters to the Editor. . .

I want to thank you for publishing the wonderful article on Bill Nolan in the current issue of *Cumtux* [Vol. 29, No. 3 - Summer 2019].

I took tap dancing from Bill for several years in the 1950s; he was a very good teacher with an upbeat personality. I did not know much about his background except that he'd been a vaudeville performer, so the detailed information in the article helped me to better understand Bill's story.

The only change I could make is that in the caption of three girl dancers, two names are reversed. I am the girl on the left (Rea Raihala), and Elaine Tuveng is the one on the right. That photo was probably taken in 1956, according to my records. I believe the boy in most of the photos is Mike Moore, as he was the only male in our dance class.

Thanks for your good work!
Rea Raihala Christoffersson

While reading the article on Bill Nolan, I was surprised to see a picture of my father. The photo in question is on page 29 of Vol 39, No 3 issue of the *Cumtux*. The man in the pencil mustache reading a file card is my father, Robert H. Nelson. I am certain the men were working on skits for the Rotary Follies. I remember attending one of their shows at the old Viking Theater.

My father practiced law in Astoria after the war until 1952. Attached is an article from the Budget dated 26 May 1952. It describes how my father dissolved his law partnership and entered another, short lived, partnership with George Duncan, another Astorian.

Thanks for providing a picture I had never seen, and giving me a flash-back to a simpler time.

Gary Nelson
Portland

Just finished reading the piece on Bill Nolan. When we were in high school I worked as a gofer at the Owl Drugstore after school and during several summers. One of my tasks was walking to the post office to send out the days mail. [I] Came to be friends with all the shop keepers along the way including Bill. We often had long visits. He was very good to me and the article brought back pleasant childhood memories. Keep up the good work and stay safe.

Dan Williams

I enjoyed the latest *Cumtux*. I can identify one "Unknown Dancers" pg. 35. The handsome fellow is (without a doubt) Mel Richardson--Class of 59 and a neighbor of mine for my first 5 years. I don't remember him having a sister, as I was only 5 when we moved, but she sure looks like they could have been a brother/sister team. The picture on page 34 looks like one of the Laire twins next to Ardi Urell. I have suspicions of some others, but I would only be guessing. [Joyce Wilson has

CCHS image from Sam Foster collection.

Jeanne Maddox Dancers June 2, 1972 at the Astoria Golf & Country Club. Rhonda Lammi is on the far left. The others are unidentified.

been identified as the person fourth from the left.]

Nolan's photo studio closed about 1958-59. He did senior pictures (along with Ball) for the *Zephyrus* and Arthur Chan did them (with Ball) for the first time in 1959. I was editor in 1960 and Nolan was definitely out of business in '59-60. I hope some of this helps you and your documentation.

Jean Montgomery

I have just read and love the story of Bill and Margie Nolan!

What a wonderful story!

The pictures, everything, are just amazing!

Is it possible to purchase additional copies of the publication?

I would love to send to some of the dancers on the back cover, some of whom are still dancing!

Thanks again, take care, stay safe!

Best regards

Jeanne Maddox Peterson

CCHS Collection.

Vintage canned salmon labels.